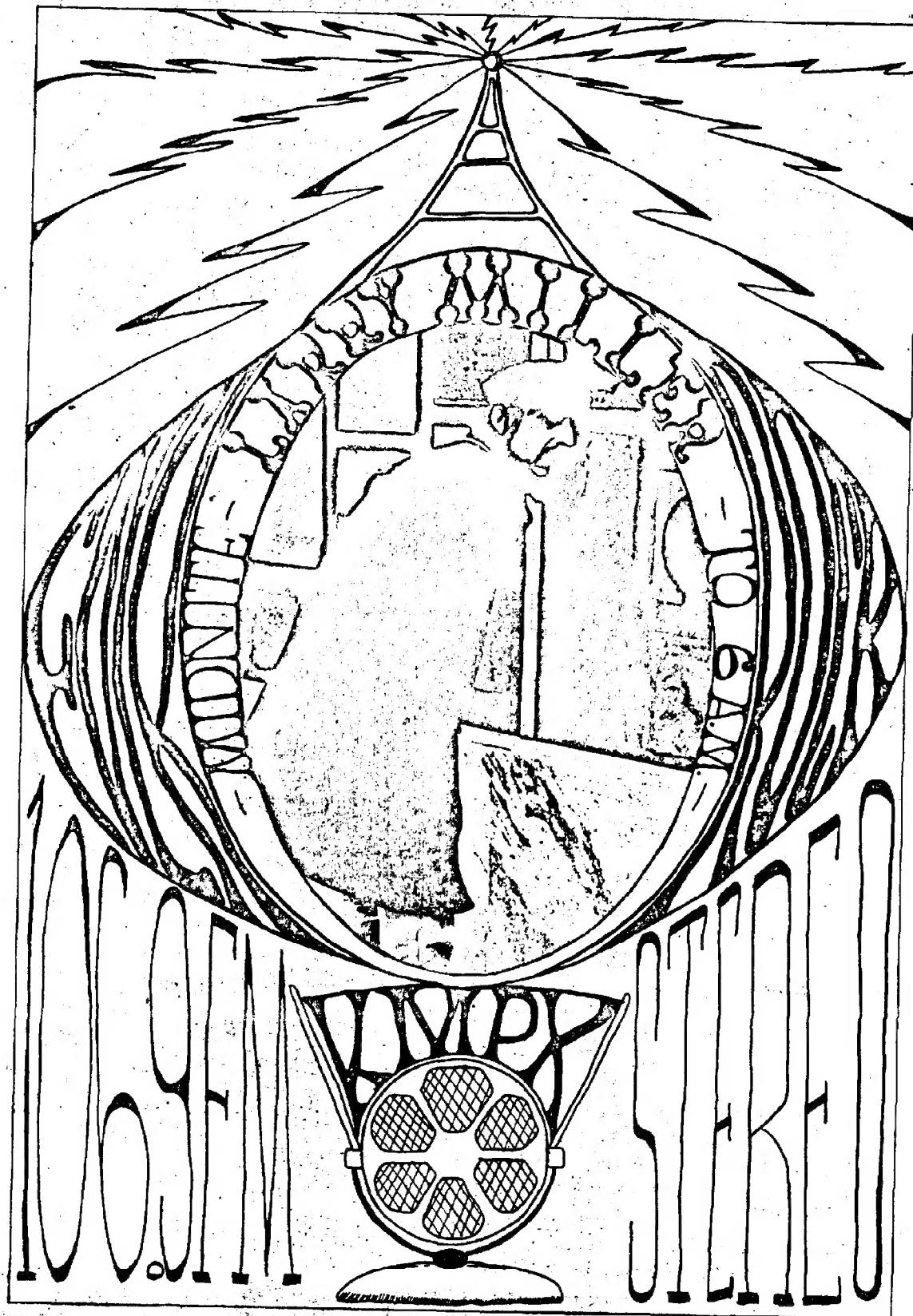


MOJO

35 cents

NAVIGATOR ROCK + ROLL NEWS





THE MOJO-NAVIGATOR #19

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Drawing on page 18 by Trish Daly

COVER by David Greenfield:
Jimi Hendrix in the Panhandle, playing hard on his guitar.

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 7, Columbia; 9, Decca, courtesy of Cathy Furniss; 11, Elektra, courtesy of James Wright; 17, Trident Productions; 20, Mercury, courtesy of Jann Wenner; 31, London Records, courtesy of Larry Hernandez; 39, Trident Productions.

Vol. 2, No. 2

August, 1967

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The Mojo-Navigator Rock & Roll News is published monthly and copyright by the Mojo Publishing Co. Box 1832, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. 924-5582. Price is 35¢. 12/\$2.50. Advertising rates available. Membership in UPS pending.

REPRESENTATIVES: Los Angeles, Byron Trott, 2819 Main St., Venice. 90201..Chicago, Joel Harlib, 4734 N. Virginia, Chicago 60625. Representative at Large: Dennis Mazer, c/o Mojo. DISTRIBUTION: Underground Distributors; contact through Mojo.

Next issue on sale soon. Material from readers (letters, articles, photographs) is welcome.



EDITORIAL

One Sheet to the Wind

Walking down That Great Street

with one cherry pie munching in my left ear

"yeah, man, so heavy, so far out"

intoned in piping flute of wonder.

(yes, so sad the wonder, so sorry the

promise)

As the newspapers blow down the sidewalk and

the cars stream by in a lurid stench, a smell of

things assimilated, gnarled in synthetic ritual joy . . .

a small living thing might struggle for an age amidst

objects.

Mojo Dave

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The Grateful Dead/ (Warner Bros.
1689)
Country Joe & the Fish/Electric
Music for the Mind and Body
(Vanguard 79244)
Moby Grape/ (Columbia CL 2698)

If there is one thing which links together the San Francisco groups it is not a specific or definable sound to which they all cling, but rather a common approach to music, a common style of digging and responding to music. There is only one generalization that can be made about the top San Francisco bands and that is that, regardless of any one group's featured style (say the Dead's special proclivity with blues, or Country Joe's affinity for the koto music of Japan), they all listen to a wide variety of different kinds of music from all over the world, they all listen to each other, and they all try to constantly incorporate fresh ideas gathered from their listening into the music. I would say that the San Francisco bands have most effectively demonstrated that different styles of music can blend and co-exist with each other; it is this very quality of unity or tightness of performance within a compositional structure of duality which I think has been both the most misunderstood

and in many ways the most valuable thing to emerge from the scene.

All three of the albums in question are works of art of high merit. They are the three best American albums to be released this year, without question. All three are also flawed in some small ways.

The Grateful Dead album sounds by and large as if it were an attempt to recapture the sound of the band in person. This is an admirable pursuit, since the Dead have perhaps the all time great band sound on their hot nights. However, it does not work completely in the recording studio. While the music on this record is of real quality, I think that the Dead's next album, on which they will hopefully do more overdubbing and use more esoteric production techniques will be much better than this one.

The best things to my mind on this record are "Cream Puff War", "Morning Dew", "Cold Rain and Snow" and "Sittin' on Top of the World". On these particular tracks the whole ensemble sound of the band shines, especially the amazing rhythm section work of Phil Lesh and Bill Summers and of course Jerry Garcia's lead guitar. Some of the other tracks are less effective. On "Good Morning Lit-

tle Schoolgirl" Pigpen's voice isn't recorded properly at all --- sounds too quiet and strained at the outset. "New, New Mingewood Blues" lacks an element of drive which it should have, and in "Viola Lee Blues" the end of the instrumental jam could have been done a bit more cleanly. Other than that I have no complaints -- even those minor criticisms are trifling compared to the real quality and high artistic level of the music on this record.

Country Joe and the Fish have issued an L.P. which presents to me almost precisely the same problems in reviewing as did the Dead album. Overall the music on this record is brilliant in conception and performance; a few tracks that particularly impressed me were "Death Sound", "Porpoise Mouth", "Flying High", "The Masked Marauder" and "Grace". I think that the Fish projected their musical identities onto this record very well -- I think that working at Sierra Sound in Berkeley puts them in an advantageous position in the recording field since they've used this studio often in the past and they know how to make it record their sound properly. I have only one objection to these sides - I wish that rather than whispering "LSD" at the end of some of their tracks they had instead recorded their acid commercial -- gets the point across much more audaciously and effectively.

I found the Moby Grape album to be really tasty, especially considering the P.R. campaign which Columbia launched, one of the themes of which was "Moby Grape . . . does not scream distasteful lyrics or go off into uncontrolled, so-called psychedelic binges of electronics." Regardless of this, their drummer really hangs in with form on the cover. The overall feel of the L.P. is tight, well-produced and somewhat



The Grateful Dead

fast. The accent in the choice of material was most definitely toward possible chart tunes in that 10 of the 13 cuts on this side were also issued on various singles (five singles in five different regions of the U.S.). This does not hurt the sound of the group in the least; Bob Mosley's bass lines are very well constructed and are executed with a technical proficiency which is at most frightening. The same could be said for Jerry Miller's lead guitar patterns. The vocal sound of the group, which is superb in person, comes across as extremely warm and harmonious on the record, but without the distinct clarity of enunciation which one would hope for. When Moby Grape eventually get around to recording "Jerry's Blues", they will immediately attain the status of classic performers; until then this album will provide many high times.

Of course, it should be obvious to all concerned that these three albums are so ridiculously essential to anyone who digs music of any sort that any minor criticism of them that I might make is made with the recommendation that you

immediately go and buy all three or any combination thereof which you may not already own and judge for yourself.

West Coast Love-In with the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, the Chambers Brothers and the Ashes
(Vault LP/SLP 113)

This is not a particularly loving gesture on the part of Vault Records toward the record buying public. Indeed, the only love exemplified by this is the proverbial love of small L.A. record companies for money.

None of the music on this lp was recorded at the Love-In. The Chambers Brothers, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy and the Ashes (who sound like an early version of the second group) are represented by four cuts on this disc. All of the material was presumably garnered from various sessions sponsored by this company while the PBC and the Chambers Brothers were still under contract to them (they have already issued some fine things in

their Chambers Brothers Live album, reviewed in Mojo #9) and the issuance of these leavings can only be considered as an attempt to simultaneously cash in on the "hippie market" and spite Columbia Records, who has signed both of the groups, recorded them well and is trying to promote them in a way which the minor Vault label can't.

Unfortunately the excellent poster artists Rick and Ida Griffin have graced this piece of trash with an excellent cover drawing. Even worse, the L.A. Free Press has allowed Vault to reprint two articles on the Love-In; these constitute the back cover (along with some hastily overpasted song-titles) and lend a more real appearance to this huckster item.

The only interesting things musically about this disc are the four tracks by the Chambers Brothers (who to my knowledge did not even play at the Love-In). These cuts are marred by bad recording and mixing, but they capture a certain element of the Chambers Brothers' powerful approach very well.

The Peanut Butter Conspiracy and the Ashes (I assume they are the same) do not make it on this one at all. Furthermore, Vault Records has put them in the position of having their early, abortive tapes aired before the public. No doubt the groups in question must feel rather strongly about this.

The Left Banke/Walk Away Renee
(Smash MGS 27088)

This is one of the most powerful first albums to emerge from any new group in a long time. The Left Banke have included eleven cuts on this lp, and they are all originals of the highest quality. The Baroque, clean sound of their chart numbers contrasts well with their shouting R&B tune "Evening Gown" and "What Do You Know" a very cleanly played

Moby Grape



country and western piece. Despite the shortness of times on these cuts, the musicianship and creativity of the group emerges as a total statement, rather than the collection of experiments that a first album usually consists of.

I like the whole approach of this group to their music. They have a lot to say, and they have shaped their sound so that they make their points with subtlety and power. My two favorites on this album are "Shadows Breaking Over My Head" and "Lazy Day". The latter is a statement about a way of life, and it summarizes that existence with a beauty and precision that is classic.

I recommend this album unreservedly; an extra bonus is the fact that the mono and stereo copies are different only in price, not in content. Smash Records, a Mercury affiliate, now markets all their lps in the compatable system first originated in Europe. All Mercury-Smash-Phillips-A&M lps are like this, so one can save a dollar in the purchase of their issues

Gene Clark (with the Gosdin Brothers) / (Columbia CL 2618/CS 9418)

Gene Clark's first recorded effort since his departure from the Byrds is basically a continuation of the sound which he contributed to that group, both in terms of lyrics and vocals. This album contains eleven Clark originals; all of these are well-written in a unique style which avoids both the silliness of some contemporary writers as well as the pretentiousness of others. Clark's tunes are rendered by a studio band which includes Byrds Chris Hillman and Mike Clarke (Gene's brother, despite the extra "e") in the rhythm section; Bill Rinehart, former lead for the Leaves and for Clark's own, abortive group, as well as studio men like Glen Cam-

pbell, Jerry Kole, and Clarence White on guitar; and Leon Russell on harpsichord and piano. Clark is listed as blowing guitar, also; on the back cover there is a picture of two gentlemen, presumably the Gosdin Brothers, who are also strumming guitars; If all the people listed on the album actually played on it, there are seven different guitarists overdubbed together on this disc.

Clark does all the vocalizing on this set, and despite the fact that almost every tune involves harmony or backup singing, all of which was overdubbed by Clark, this disc is remarkably fresh and intriguing musically, thanks mainly to the very tight arranging. The tunes I really dug were "Echoes", "Elevator Operator" and "The Same One" -- as well as "Keep On Pushin'", which features Doug Dillard on electric banjo. Overall this is a worthwhile album and I recommend it.

The Blues Magoos/Electric Comic Book (Mercury MGS 21104)

This is an extremely honest lp. The packaging, cover art, and included comic book are good indications of where the Blues Magoos are at.

Electric Comic Book is on the whole less effective than their first lp, although it is obvious that more time has been spent in the production and more thought put into the compositions this time. This album is basically dull. The music on most of the cuts just does not command the attention that one instantly gives to other albums. Two of the pieces included do make it -- "Rush Hour" and "Pipe Dream". These numbers hold out the hope that perhaps the group will someday bring all of their material up to the same level, for the rest of the other cuts, with the exception of their six minute version of "Gloria", are innoc-

uous. The latter is just bad.

In one respect they have topped their first album: the liner notes on this one are even more ridiculous.

The Who/Happy Jack (Decca DL4892

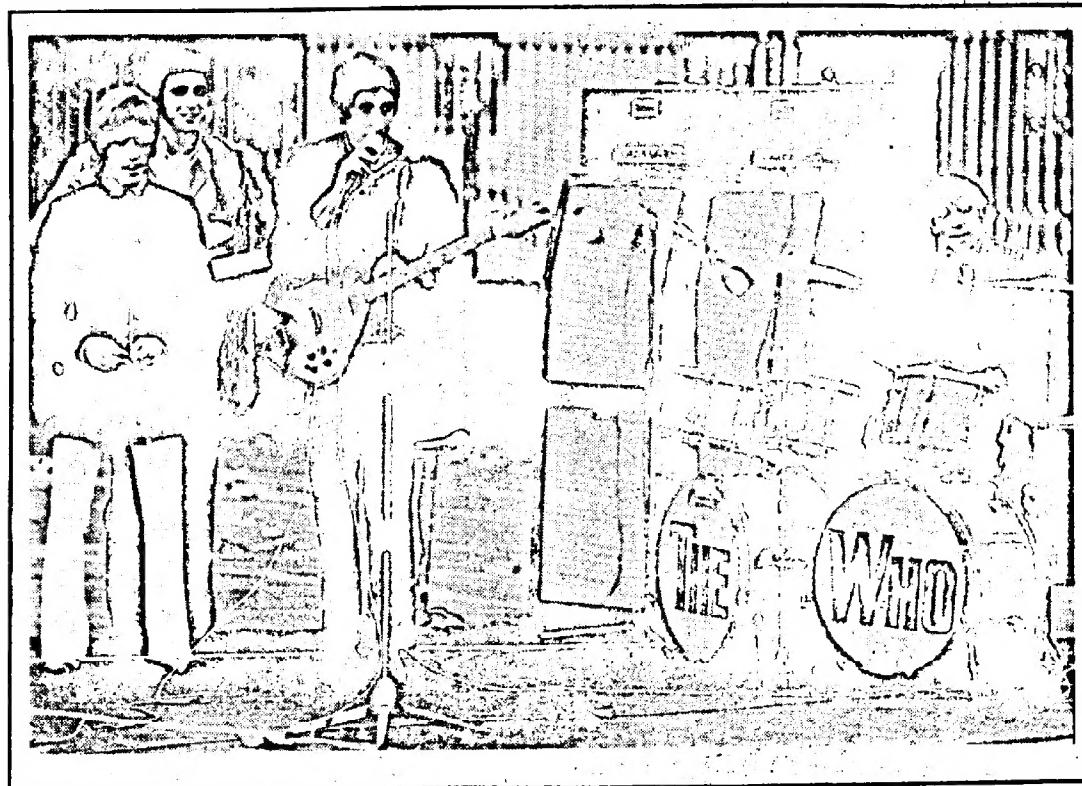
This is The Who's second American long play release, and roughly their fourth in England (if one counts uncollected singles and EP's together). The L.P. contains ten originals, representing the writing skills of all the members of The Who on various numbers. All of the tracks in this collection are excellent, but three of the cuts have an eerie quality which makes them real standouts. These are John Entwhistle's two tunes, "Boris the Spider" and "Whiskey Man", and Keith Moon's "Cobwebs and Strange". The latter is structurally an old military march tune which The Who perform in exchanged choruses -- one chorus of band music with brass, one chorus of wild drum solo, with the brass section gradually speeding up and the drummer gradually in-

creasing his pace to keep time, until by the end of the track the music resembles nothing so much as a music box gone out of its mind.

"A Quick One While He's Away" comprises the major portion of side two and gives Keith Moon ample time to again demonstrate his ability to closely approximate the sound of a runaway steam engine on his drums. His speed from drum to drum is nothing short of amazing. John Entwhistle, Roger Daltrey and Peter Townshend all again show both their impeccable musicianship and their real creativity; in light of the

"No glot... C'lom Fliday..."

sensational response given to more recently formed English groups such as The Cream and The Jimi Hendrix Experience, as well as Procol Harum, one would do well to remember that it was in large part The Who who liberated English pop music both harmonically and stylistically.



The Kaleidoscope/ Side Trips (Epic
LN 24304/BN 26304)

This is an appropriately named album. The whole set is a side-trip into the Kaleidoscope's music, which is pleasant, well-recorded, and somehow not deeply interesting. Perhaps it is the super-divergency of their influences, or more accurately, the fact that as of yet they have not integrated these wide influences into a specific style of their own. When they do "Oh Death", they render it in a very effective variant on the crippled, wailing country quaver in which Doc Boggs sang the original; their "Egyptian Gardens" is good bouzoukee music; etc. However, they need to mix up all the wide variety of styles on this lp in all their tunes -- instead of having one specific jug band tune, then a country tune, then an old Cab Calloway number, why not amalgamate it all into something new? Technically, everyone on this lp is excellent musically, and they all seem to be fluent in several styles. In the future one would hope that their records may improve as they progress stylistically. I have not seen them in person, although Naomi Barton (who is expert in such matters) tells me they are an excellent group to belly-dance to. **their "Minnie the Moacher" is an accurate satire of that style of corn jazz.

--DAVID HARRIS

The Mothers/Absolutely Free (Ver-
ve V6-5013)

This album is a "first" in the rock genre, being basically an opera more than anything else. The record is divided into 13 tracks, each having a separate theme, but they run together smoothly with no breaks. The liner notes describe the two sides as "#s 1 and 2 in a series of underground oratorios"

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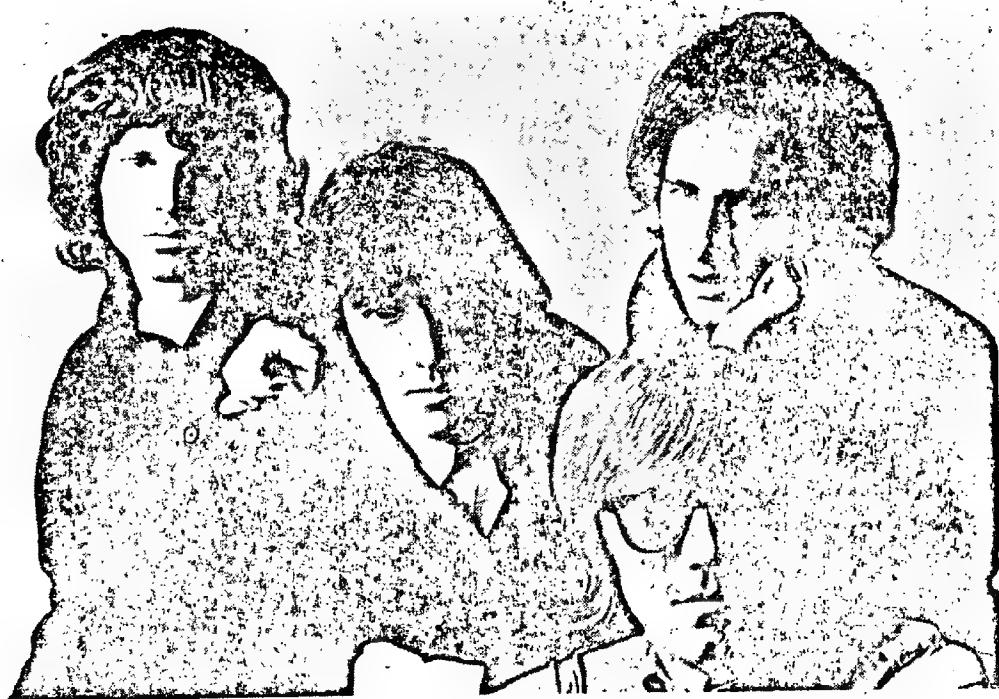
and a complete "libretto" is offered for \$1.

The theme of the work is "plastic people" and it constitutes a thoroughly devastating, savagely satirical attack on plastic people and their way of life, especially as reflected in their music, which the Mothers parody magnificently. The musicianship on this album is flawless, and the Mothers shift from style to style and from one idiom to another with complete virtuosity. At times they parody Las Vegas style nightclub music, 50's R&B, the phony "love" songs of the older generation, and the Supremes; and they frequently throw in classical riffs, such as an instrumental break in "Status Back Baby", a song about a high school football star who's lost his status, which is lifted entirely from Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka", and it seems to fit perfectly.

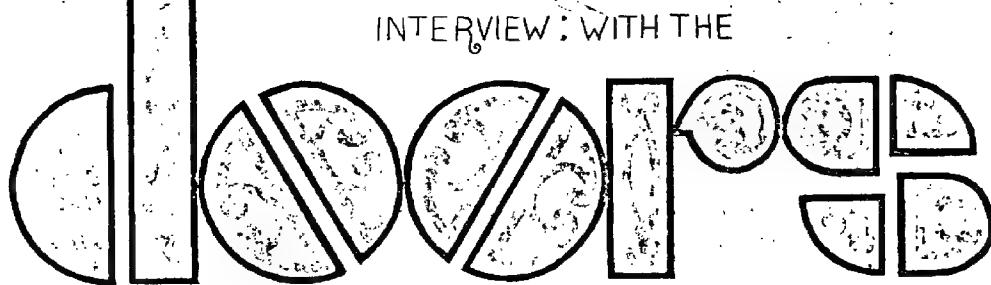
Side One starts off with a song called "Plastic People" which isn't very subtle, nor is it meant to be. The Mothers point their finger at just about everybody, saying: "Take the day and walk around, watch the Nazis run your town; then go home and check yourself, you think we're singing 'bout someone else". The next song is "Duke of Prunes" based on "Duke of Earl", and sets off a long thing about vegetables, substituting them in otherwise straight love songs. "A Moonbeam through the prune, in June, reveals your chest, I see your lovely beams, and in that magical cut, I bite your neck. The cheese I have for you, my dear, is real, and very new," and "And I know (I think) the love I have for you will never end (well, maybe)". This sort of thing goes on and ends in a six minute jazz-rock instrumental, very well done.

Side Two starts with "America Drinks", being a typical-sounding Jack Jones or Robert Goulet type

Continued on page 16



INTERVIEW WITH THE



The Doors: Jim Morrison, vocals; John Densmore, drums; Ray Manzarek, organ; Robby Krieger, guitar.

MOJO: You just played in New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco. What are the differences you've found in the audiences in the different cities and the scenes going on in the different cities?

ROBBY: Well, in New York we played mostly for older people, although I'd say that the audience was more dance-prone there, they like to dance a lot more; they don't listen as much. L.A. audiences and San Francisco audiences are different, too. I think the San Francisco aud-

ience listens a lot more.

MOJO: Do you think the difference is because of the places you play, like, when you were in New York, did you play clubs mostly?

ROBBY: Well, we played clubs, that's probably it. But they still danced, you know. Of course it might just have been the particular club that we were playing. We really didn't get a very good idea of what the New York audience is like, although when we go back this time I think we will. We're going to play some concerts as well as clubs.

RAY: We played uptown in New York, and the downtown people, the people who live in the Village and the East Village, don't come uptown. I was

surprised, you know, we were down there and we told some people that we knew and had run into in the Village and said, "Come up and see us we're playing at..." it was up on the upper East Side. But they didn't come up. They don't come up to the place. It's an uptown club. Downtown people stay in, whatever's down there; the Night Owl, the Cafe Au Go Go. They go to those places. And the people who go to the place where we played, Ondine's, I guess they don't go down to the Village. It's kind of strange; it's real segregation there.

MOJO: Did you find any significant difference in how the material was received by the audiences in the different cities?

RAY: The whole thing went over very well, in the club we played. They seemed to understand it. I don't know whether they understood it or they felt it because the rhythm was there, you know. I guess we're very jazz-oriented, and I think those people understand that, better than people who play do. It's funny, L.A. hasn't been our best audience. It's a good audience in L.A., but up here it's a much better audience.

MOJO: What groups in particular, if any, do you draw your inspiration from; who do you particularly admire on the music scene in general?

ROBBY: Well, really we try... we don't have any favorites. The people we respect most are the best musicians. And the people who are reaching the furthest out, Albert Ayler, and... different people.

MOJO: In cities that we don't have very much communication with, for example in like say L.A. or New York, is there much interchange between the jazz and the rock audience? Not just the musicians, but do the people dig the whole thing?

RAY: I don't think so.

JOHN: Not at all.

JIM: No.

ROBBY: No, not at all.

MOJO: Cause around here you find generally avant-garde jazz groups will be playing, like at the Fillmore. Mostly in benefits, like you'll have Elvin Jones playing, then the Grateful Dead will play.

ROBBY: But you'll find that when Bill Graham puts a jazz group in there, or even John Lee Hooker, that he'll always have a big drawing group with them, cause he knows they aren't gonna draw. He puts the jazz group in there for prestige among the hippies, mainly.

RAY: It's a sophisticated audience up here. I think they understand jazz a little bit, so they... there's some appreciation of the music. But, the jazz people don't... gee, I don't know any of them that are digging rock, really. Not really. And besides I think the whole jazz thing is on the verge of being... it's gonna be assimilated into, it's going to become classical music. Where classical music is going now, and where jazz is going, they're both going towards the same point. Because jazz used to be, it's originally Negro art music. There was a Negro, and the Negro is being more and more assimilated. As he gets more intelligent, he gets up to the same level of intelligence... they're all college-educated now, you know, they're going to school, and... they're like us, they're the same people, you know, the ethnic background is getting away from them slowly, very slowly, but it's getting away, and they're becoming Americans. You know, they're thoroughly American.

"From all the mail I receive about litter I am sure that Lassie and his followers will have their work cut out for them." -Lady Bird Johnson.

ized people. They've got the TV, the whole thing. It's doing the same thing to them that it does to everyone else. So jazz is going to, in 20 years, there won't be any jazz, jazz and the electronic thing, they're all gonna be the same thing. Rock is going to become the popular music, for everybody. Everybody's popular music.

MOJO: Do you see perhaps a fusing of the electronic sound of, say Stockhausen and Cage, with...

RAY: Yeah, Sun Ra is trying to do the very same thing. We saw him after the session in New York, just before we left. And he's trying to do the same thing that Stockhausen is doing. Except Sun Ra is doing it with his instruments. He doesn't have any electronic thing going. But they're both trying to do the same thing. I'm looking forward to the day when the Negros start playing electronic instruments, you know, that could be interesting.

MOJO: You played for all three of the major scenes in San Francisco: the Matrix, the Avalon, and the Fillmore. Did you find any differences in the audiences at each and would you like to talk about it? Just in general what it's like to play all three. Is it particularly different for you?

JIM: Yeah, there was a difference. I'm not sure what it was.

MOJO: Which place was more enjoyable to play?

JOHN: Each had its thing. The Avalon is more older hippies, let's say. And the Fillmore is a little more, teeny-bopper like. A little louder in their applause and clapping, you know, but at Avalon they appreciated it the same amount, they just don't yell and scream, right, there's just a warm feeling. I mean, we know they're digging it, they're just...

MOJO: Yeah. How well is your album selling?

ROBBIE: It's doing very well considering we don't have a real hit single, you know, but I'd say the next album will be much better. Our first album was just the skeleton of our material. There was no real production involved. We'll take more time with the next album and it will be more, produced. It should be quite a bit better. It'll be, I think, all original material.

MOJO: It's selling really well around here. Just about everybody's got it. I noticed at the Avalon, the kids seemed to, they knew what the songs were, they all had their favorites... That blew my mind; you seemed to have a fan club. You don't see that at the Avalon too much. Another thing you said about the dancing thing, that's really funny, because people around here used to really wig out, you know, they used to jump up and down and dance, but not so much anymore. Like you go to the Avalon now and you'll see... it used to be like just a small group of people in front that were listening and then like 90% of the audience was running around and dancing... and now like almost the whole auditorium is covered with sitting people, and it's, I think it's considered uncool to freak-out.

ROBBY: The Avalon seemed a little, if I can say this, a little more inhibited actually, than the Fillmore even.

MOJO: Yeah, a lot more. I think because the people who go there, to the Fillmore, are more people that you know, like the first time they go anywhere they go to the Fillmore because that's the name, and they don't discover the Avalon until later. What about the dances down in L.A.? How successful have those been? Along what lines are they structured?

ROBBY: They're always harrassed, by police...

JOHN: What dances?

RAY: Therefore they don't have dances down there. There's really no Fillmore down there. It's all still clubs in L.A. There aren't any, no ballrooms and such.

MOJO: What about the Freak-Outs? You know, the KRLA Freak-Out things?

ROBBY: Yeah, some of those are pretty good, but...they had a nice light show, and the kids really freaked out, more than I've seen here, for some reason. I guess cause they don't get a chance to down there. Yeah, it was a good thing, although it was stopped a few weeks later because of the police.

MOJO: Yeah. They've tried to do that around here too, but unsuccessfully. There is no way they can do it. You know, you've got 5,000 people outside some place, you just can't, you know, stop it. But they do little things. Like, they have the Fire Marshal at the Avalon. I don't know if you dug that cat. He stands right by the door and he's got this double-breasted uniform on and this big badge... he looks like he should be in a case or something. But like when more people show up than the 910 that the regulations allow, he stops them at the door and nobody else will get in.

RAY: Yeah, we saw him.

MOJO: Who writes most of your songs?

ROBBY: Jim writes most of the lyrics.

MOJO: I noticed that some of your songs are very strange, like "The End" and "Moonlight Drive" and a few others. A strong mood of death running through a lot of them. I mean, it almost seems as if you had lost your mind once, sometime in your past, with these songs as the result. I get the impression from like, "End of the Night" particularly

a real feeling of Celine, Journey To the End of the Night, and from "The End" and many of the other songs, of the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Really strong moods.

JIM: I don't know. Compared to some of the stuff I've heard in San Francisco, I don't think it's too strange. It's pretty straight stuff.

MOJO: Which groups around here have you heard, and what's your judgment of them?

RAY: I like Country Joe and the Fish. I like some of their stuff.

ROBBY: And we really liked Big Brother.

MOJO: What'd you think of the Grateful Dead?

JOHN: They weren't too good, the night we saw them. Like, they're really good musicians, and they're tight, but so's Wilson Pickett, you know?

MOJO: Do you think there's any one direction that rock music is headed, in particular? Is it headed toward a fusion of all sounds, or do you think it will remain a distinct element, with a variety of different sounds around?

RAY: Well, it will all become more sophisticated, as the musicians mature, as the audience matures, you know, naturally the music must at the same time, so there's going to be just a general increase in knowledgeability. People are going to be able to understand music much better, so the music's going to improve. I think even the old folks are going to start picking up on it, more and more and more. It's happening very gradually but it's happening, because the musicianship is getting better. They've thoroughly accepted the Beatles, you know, so who's next? You know, they'll start accepting a lot more people too.

MOJO: Cougar!

COUGAR: I'm so far gone it isn't funny.

MOJO: Cougar is our, our experimenter. They've got this new stuff called NDDN. One quarter microgram of it....

JIM: What's it like?

COUGAR: It's heavy. It's one of Hoffman's drugs, the third step up from LSD 26. And it's heavy.

JIM: Hey, have they synthesized Yage yet? *

COUGAR: No.

MOJO: No. LSD is supposedly... the guy that first did it, Hoffman, the same guy, said it was Telepathine, was the name he gave it. And he tried to synthesize it and he came up with LSD. LSD 6 I think it was. It was the first one he could consume. Or he could consume safely, that is.

COUGAR: I think Hoffman has discovered 25 drugs since LSD, each one one step closer to purity. And the third one above LSD was this. And it's potent. Unfortunately I took twice what's considered the normal dosage. I blew my mind here Tuesday night, I blew my mind here and I haven't done that with any other drug. I lost it. It was really sad. (laughs all around)

JIM: Interviews are good, but....

MOJO: Oh, they're a drag.

JIM: Critical essays are really where it's at. Another person's impressions....

MOJO: For one thing, interviews are a big drag because to me, rock is becoming a total environment thing, and you go and you listen to somebody, or even hear a record, and you say, "yes" "no" or "maybe". And what can you say, you know? Nothing. Nothing.

JOHN: Yeah, right. It's out there, on the stage.

*(Note: We have since learned that Yage has been successfully synthesized, though it is not available for common consumption as yet--

--The Editors)

MOJO: It used to be a real blast, to go and interview somebody, but you know, now I find myself doing the same thing every time, and coming up with relatively the same answers.

But it is groovy to meet different groups because you really get a feeling, just from talking to them, of what's behind their music. You understand their music better, too.

ROBBY: Yeah.

MOJO: You talked about not realizing everything you wanted on your album, how do you think you could have improved it?

RAY: Well, that's not true. We really realized everything we set out to do.

ROBBY: Well the album was made six months ago, and by making a record, we learned about what you do in a studio, you know.

RAY: Yeah, studio is another thing entirely. There are things that you can do, you know, various devices to manipulate, in a studio, and we didn't know anything about that sort of thing. We just went in and played and got a very pure sound. For the most part, it's exactly the way we sound.

ROBBY: There's hardly any overdubbing. You don't hear anything in there that we can't do. We do everything.

MOJO: How much improvisation do you do in your live performances?

ROBBY: Well, it depends on each song. Some songs are more structured, and in some there's a whole middle section where we can all fool around.

MOJO: Do you have a last message for teenyboppers across the nation? That is our traditional last question. We ask everybody that.

ROBBY: Buy more Doors records.

MOJO: OK. Thanks.

Is Bob Dylan really the son of the
Rosenbergs?

song, done atonally and then in rock form. The next part is "Status Back Baby". It's followed by "Uncle Bernie's Farm" and "Son of Suzy Creamcheese". The former is an excellent putdown of the manufacturers of "murder and destruction" toys: "We have this car, when it hits the wall you see the guy die--it's got plastic intestines you can stuff back into his stomach..." and so on. The latter is a rather innocuous song about good old Suzy. Following this is a seven minute thing called "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" which is about the mayor or some anonymous bigwig in City Hall, who has a nasty obscene affair with a thirteen year old teenybopper. This song contains a lot of really beautiful segues and technical effects, all handled expertly. The last cut, "America Drinks and Goes Home" is the song from "America Drinks" performed by what sounds like a typical shitty nightclub band, with background sounds of cash registers and people drinking and shouting and breaking glasses and the like. After the song the band closes the show and promises to do "Bill Bailey" tomorrow, and urges everyone to "drink it up, folks". As the song fades out the crashing gets louder in the background and you can hear women screaming. Listening to this song should remove any desire you might have to ever go to a night club or any kind of drinking establishment.

As I said, the musicianship and technical competence exhibited by the Mothers on this album is superb. Their satire is so effective partly because musically they are every bit as good as the music they are putting down, and in fact they are able to play it more effortlessly than the people who do it seriously. The lyrics are very well done too; Frank Zappa's genius really comes across strongly. If you suspect or feel that the way of

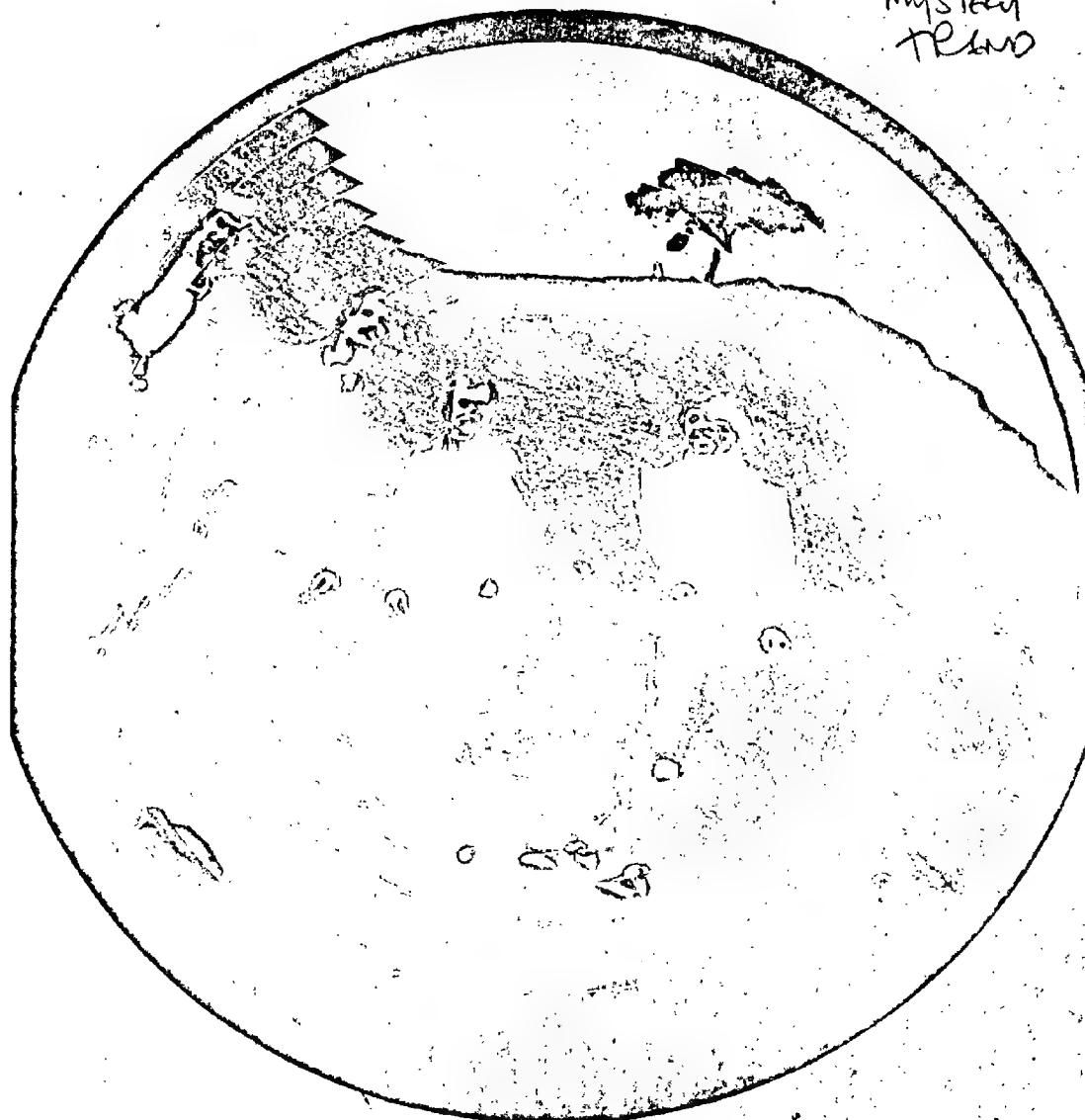
life the older generation is setting as an example for us is really only so much shit, buy this album and be confirmed or convinced. It is, I am sure, the most irreverent record any of "our" people have produced yet. I wouldn't be surprised if it were banned in some places. The Mothers are trying to come on as the conscience of our generation, and I think they are doing a truly fine job of it. I recommend this album without qualification to anyone who isn't afraid of their conscience.

--GREGORY SHAW

contd.

The Mystery Trend/Johnny Was a Good Boy/bw House on the Hill
(Verve VK 10499)

This is the first single issue by the Mystery Trend, a group which has been active musically with various personnel for about two years now. These sides were cut before the recent departure of Bob Cuff and his replacement on lead guitar by John Gregory; since I haven't heard the group since this switch (although I've heard that they are very effective in person) I can only judge this side; and it is excellent, both in terms of the structure and arrangement of the material and in the rendition. "Johnny Was a Good Boy" comes off very loud, tight and cleanly recorded; the bass in the beginning of the record is really fine, sounds almost like a brass section. The lyrics are topical poetry, without the tinge of pretense which topical rock often gets. "House on the Hill" is a nutty tune, and a gentle tribute to euphoria. Both tracks demonstrate real mastery of the art of both balancing and recording a band with the proper dynamics. Need I say that an album from Verve containing two full sides more of the Mystery Trend's music would be most welcome?



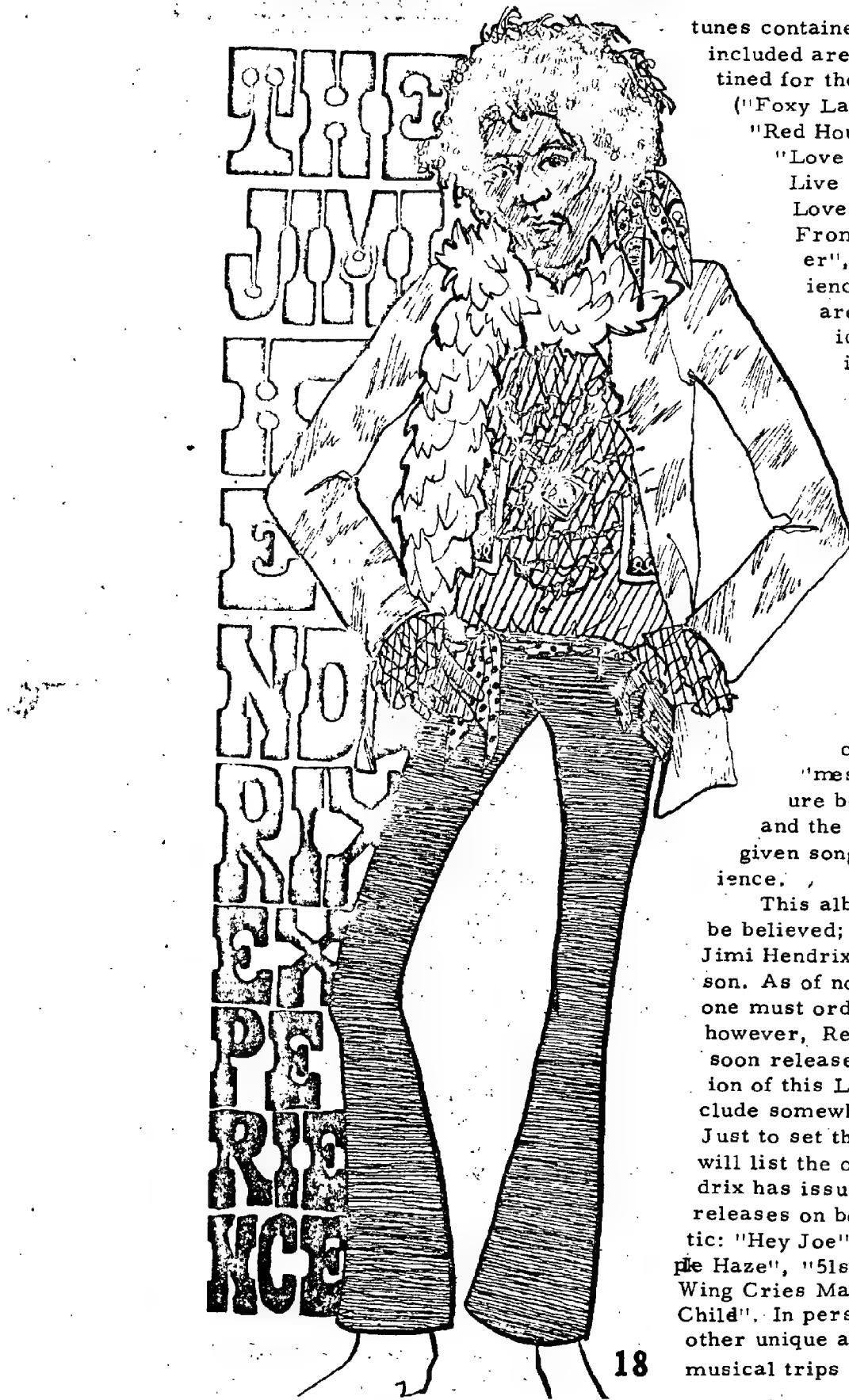
MYSTERY
PLANO

The Jimi Hendrix Experience / Are
You Experienced (Track 612.00)

Yes we were. Jimi Hendrix, Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell are without doubt the most important musical, and in some ways, dramatic, happening in the world today, as this English L. P. and their appearances locally have proved. Hendrix has shaped his music, his stance, his stageshow, and his cool out of a myriad of definable and an infinity of indefinable influences; and yet from this synthesis emerges a completely unique and original genre. One can see elements of Bob Dylan, Bo Diddley, Elvis Presley, Eric Clapton, etc. in the music; the stage show is

a ballet, a bullfight (with Hendrix as the matador), a religious ritual, a sexual act, and an unbelievable display of musical understanding, originality and technique, all at once.

This album contains eleven tracks which were recorded several months ago in England. They accurately represent one day of Hendrix; since this album was made he has improved a good deal, and in any event, much of his music is improvised. (When asked to perform certain songs on this album at the Fillmore, Hendrix admitted that he had forgotten them, and stated that he had made them up at the session and had never played them since!) The quality of the music on this album is superb. All the



tunes contained herein are originals; included are these tracks, all destined for the stature of classics: ("Foxy Lady", "Manic Depression", "Red House", "Can You See Me", "Love or Confusion", "I Don't Live Today", "May This Be Love", "Fire", "Third Stone From the Sun", "Remember", and "Are You Experienced") These numbers are at least as strong lyrically as they are musically; and Hendrix, unlike almost every contemporary poet or lyricist, seems only too willing to explain any symbolism or, for that matter, anything else about his music and words which the listener may not understand. Several times during his numerous radio interviews in San Francisco he specifically explained the "message" or plot structure behind one of his songs, and the relationship of that given song to his life and experience.

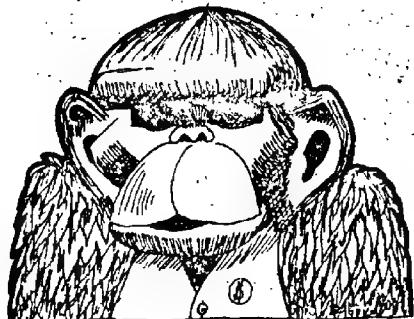
This album must be heard to be believed; same goes for the Jimi Hendrix Experience in person. As of now, to hear the album one must order it from England; however, Reprise Records will soon release the American version of this L.P., which may include somewhat different songs. Just to set the record straight, I will list the other tracks which Hendrix has issued in various single releases on both sides of the Atlantic: "Hey Joe", "Stone Free", "Purple Haze", "51st Anniversary", "The Wing Cries Mary" and "Highway Child". In person he does so many other unique and all around hairy musical trips based around other

people's songs, like "Wild Thing", "Two Trains Running", "Like A Rolling Stone", "Have Mercy", and of course his unforgettable version of Howlin' Wolf's "Killing Floor Blues" (it opens up with an explosive guitar solo, proceeds into the construction of a musical experience which can only be described as "tough") that one would hope for the inclusion of all these tracks on some later album.

Jimi Hendrix has made a major breakthrough in the struggle toward the integration of all forms of music into one form. He has demonstrated that given sufficient technique, an artist can assimilate and use any and all types of sound in the formation of an emotionally compelling and deeply personal style. Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell embody the musicians of the future, in that they interact so well as a rhythm section in Hendrix's improvised lines. In addition, Noel Redding has one of the freakiest backup voices I've ever heard. One really hopes that the message of The Experience will soon start getting to the people for whom it will be most unsettling, the class of folks labelled by Tom Wolfe as "the great grey burghers". It will be fun to watch them squirm when Hendrix achieves the giant success in this country which he so rightly deserves. --DAVID HARRIS

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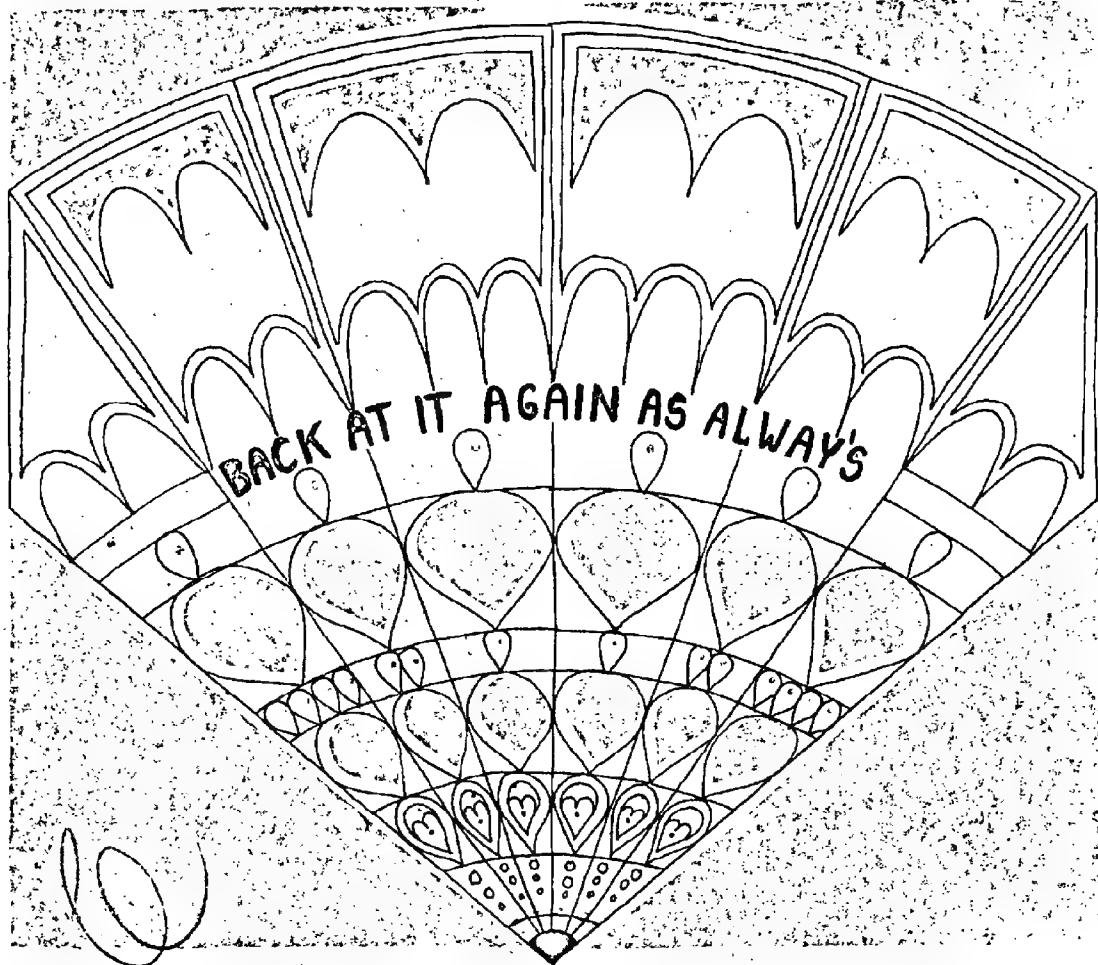
19 they last!

Recordman's Platter Chatter

by MIKE DALY



CHUCK BERRY, MAN...CHUCK BERRY: ONE OF THE CATS THAT PUT EVERY BODY ON TO IT WAY BACK WHEN, IN THE DARK AGES? THE EARLY STAGES? OF THE FIFTIES. TEN YEARS SINCE I'D LAST SEEN HIM, 1957, EIGHTH GRADE AND ALL THAT SHIT AT THE CIVIC AUDITORIUM; ALWAYS WANTING TO AGAIN, AND NOW HE COMES BACK — TO



THE NEW THING, THE NEW AUDIENCE, AT THE FILLMORE: NO MORE PUNKS, NO MORE RIOTS LIKE THERE USED TO BE IN THE OLD DAYS — ALL JUST LOVE AND LIGHTS NOW, IS IT? AND FROM THE MOMENT THIS CAT COMES ON, WALKING OUT ON STAGE TOWARDS YOU, HIS BODY CROUCHED OVER — YOU KNOW SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN — THE FAMILIAR SLINKING, HIS GIBSON HELD DOWN AT HIS KNEES: "DEEP DOWN IN LOUISIANA CLOSE TO NEW ORLEANS".... HOLY CHRIST! MAN,... "WAY BACK UP IN THE WOODS AMONG THE EVER-GREENS, THERE STOOD A LOG CABIN MADE OF EARTH AND WOOD WHERE LIVED A COUNTRY BOY NAMED JOHNNY B. GOODE"... JESUS! REMEMBER?... "WHO NEVER EVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE SO WELL (AND THAT'S CHUCK, YOU KNOW!?) BUT HE COULD PLAY A GUITAR JUST LIKE A-RINGIN' A BELL. GO! GO! GO JOHNNY, GO!.... AND MAN, SUDDENLY IT'S ALL THERE, IT'S RIGHT THERE UP ON STAGE: THIS CAT WHO HAS TURNED ON THE BEATLES, THE STONES, WHO HAS INFLUENCED EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER, BEEN ACKNOWLEDGED BY THOUSANDS OF GROUPS AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, SEEN IT ALL AND BEEN THROUGH ALL THE ERAS, AND THIS GUY IS UP THERE RIGHT NOW, IN FRONT OF YOU, AND IT ALL JUST COMES POURING OUT OF HIM: THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THIS THING, THE THING THAT HE HELPED START — AND ALL THESE SCENES ARE FLASHING THROUGH MY HEAD: I REMEMBER "MAYBELLENE" UP AT CLEAR LAKE ON VACATION IN 1955; AND PICNICS, DANCING THE BOP WITH MY SISTER TO "ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN"; GETTING OFF THE GREYHOUND BUS AFTER

THE 8TH GRADE CLASS GRADUATION PICNIC AT MARIN TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB IN 1957 WITH "SCHOOL DAY" COMING OVER THE RADIO; WATCHING THEM DANCE TO AND HEARING "ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC" ON AMERICAN BANDSTAND, AND ON AND ON - SO MANY REMEMBRANCES OF HIM.

AND THIS SAME GUY NOW, 10 YEARS LATER, SAYING IT ALL AGAIN, FINALLY GETTING SOME OF THE RECOGNITION AND THE BREAD HE DESERVES. AND HE'S DIGGING IT, YOU CAN TELL, THAT SAME SLY SMILE OF HIS: "12 YEARS OF THIS AND THEY STILL GO FOR IT"; AND THEY DO STILL GO FOR IT — THE OLDER ONES WHO KNOW ALL THE STUFF, WHO GREW UP HEARING CHUCK BERRY ALMOST CONSTANTLY AND THE YOUNGER ONES WHO HAVE JUST BEEN TURNED ON TO HIM IN THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS — THEY'RE ALL SAYING, AGREEING: "WOW! THIS GUY'S TOO MUCH, HUH?" AND HE IS TOO MUCH, MAN, AND HE KNOWS IT, AND IT TURNS HIM ON TO KNOW THIS, CAUSE HE'S HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO PLAY FOR YOU AGAIN, MAYBE FORTUNATE TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE? AFTER THAT EPISODE BACK IN '59 OR '60 WITH THE INDIAN CHICK THAT READS LIKE A STORY LINE FROM ONE OF HIS SONGS, REMEMBER CHUCK? THE YOUNG GIRL, STUFFED UNDER THE HOOD OF THE CAR SO THEY WOULDN'T SEE HER, CRAMMED IN THERE — THE HOT ENGINE BURNING HER LEGS, DRIVING ACROSS THE BORDER, THAT ABSURD MANN ACT THING, AND THE TIME SPENT IN PRISON — HE REMEMBERS THAT — WHAT A RIDICULOUS DRAG, HUH? BUT FOR CHUCK IT WAS ALL TRUE, IT REALLY HAPPENED THAT WAY (MOVIN' WEST...OR EAST, DEPENDING IN WHAT DIRECTION HE WAS GOING).

HE IS THE MASTER, THE ORIGINATOR, AND YOU CAN TELL RIGHT AWAY — THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT; AND YOU DON'T QUESTION HIS PLAYING THE SAME THINGS — THOSE SAME CHORDS AND THE SAME RUNS IN ALL THOSE SONGS OF HIS, FOR 12 YEARS NOW WITHOUT CHANGING — BECAUSE THAT'S HIS THING, MAN, THAT'S HIS BIT, AND IT'S GREAT, IT'S BEAUTIFUL, AND HE DOES IT BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE IN THE WORLD: AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NOW IS STAND BACK AND LISTEN TO HIM AND PICK UP ON WHAT HE'S DOING AND DIG IT; AND ALL THE AREAS THAT CHUCK HAS COVERED — THE CAR SONGS THAT STARTED IT ALL OFF FOR HIM: "MAYBELLENE" ABOUT THE FORD AND THE CADILLAC: "AS I WAS MOTIVATIN' OVER

THE HILL

I SAW MAYBELLENE IN A
COUPE-DE VILLE
CADILLAC ROLLIN' ON A
OPEN ROAD
NOTHIN' OUTRUN MY V-8
FORD...."

AND THE HILARIOUS TALKING BLUES THING IN "NO MONEY DOWN":

"...I WANT 4 CARBURETORS AND 2 STRAIGHT EXHAUSTS
I WANT RAILROAD AIRHORNS AND A MILITARY SPOT
I WANT A FIVE-YEAR GUARANTEE ON EVERYTHING I GOT
I WANT \$10 DEDUCTIBLE, I WANT \$20 NOTES
I WANT 30,000 LIABILITY, THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE!
I'VE GOT ME A CAR AND I'M HEADED ON DOWN THE ROAD

I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT THAT BROKEN-DOWN RAG -
 BEAUTIFUL!, AND AGAIN THAT SAME GREAT IMAGINATIVE HUMOR OF
 HIS, THIS TIME IN "YOU CAN'T CATCH ME"; "I BOUGHT A BRAND-NEW
 AIRMOBILE
 WITH A POWERFUL MOT -
 OR AND SOME HIDEAWAY
 WINGS
 PUSH IN ON THE BUTTON
 AND YOU CAN HEAR HER
 SING!
 AND CHUCK SAYS ABOUT HIS CAR SONGS, WHY HE WRITES THEM: "IT'S
 BECAUSE EVERYBODY HAS ONE"; AND THAT'S WHAT THIS GUY IS ALL
 ABOUT, HIS PREFERRED SIMPLICITY, HIS ABILITY TO PIN DOWN ALL
 THESE ORDINARY, SIMPLE, EVERYDAY THINGS, JUST AS HE SEES
 THEM, AND IN THE SIMPLEST TERMS, HIS THING ABOUT THE KIDS AND
 WHAT, THE RACE QUESTION OR SOMETHING, ELVIS PRESLEY MOVING?
 GO AHEAD AND DIG IT; "WELL, IF YOU FEEL IT AND LIKE IT
 AS BEING POSSIBLY OBSCENE, AND CHUCK TELLING THE KIDS JUST TO
 GO GET YOUR LOVE THEN MOVE ON UP
 ROLL OVER ROCK WITH ONE OTHER
 JUST A TRIFLE FURTHER
 THEN REEL AND ROCK WITH ONE OTHER
 ROLL OVER ROCK WITH ONE OTHER
 RHYTHM AND BLUES!"
 DIG, FROM "TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS"; "WORKIN' IN THE FILLYIN'
 AND THE CLOSING LINE IN THIS SONG: "I DON'T WANT YOUR BROTHER -
 UP IN THE MORNING, AND OUT TO SCHOOL
 THE TEACHER IS TEACHIN', THE GOLDEN RULE
 AMERICAN HISTORY AND PRACTICAL MATH
 YOU STUDY 'EM HARD, HOPIN', TO PASS
 WORKIN', YOUR FINGERS RIGHT DOWN TO THE
 BONE
 AND THE GUY BEHIND YOU WON'T LEAVE
 YOU ALONE"

AND THE SONG GOES ON, THROUGH LUNCHTIME AND BACK TO CLASS AGAIN AND ABOUT HOW UGLY THE TEACHER LOOKS, TILL FINALLY, TO THE END OF THE DAY — AND WHAT THAT MEANT: "SOON AS

3 O'CLOCK ROLLS AROUND

YOU FINALLY LAY YOUR BURDON DOWN
CLOSE UP YOUR BOOKS, GET OUTTA YOUR SEAT
DOWN THE HALLS AND INTO THE STREET
UP TO THE CORNER AND ROUND THE BEND
RIGHT TO THE JUKE JOINT YOU GO IN.
DROP THE COIN RIGHT INTO THE SLOT!

YOU GOTTA HEAR SOMETHIN' THAT'S REALLY HOT"...

AND ENDING UP LIKE A NATIONAL ANTHEM OR SOMETHING: "HAIL!

HAIL! ROCK 'N ROLL
DELIVER ME FROM THE DAYS OF OLD
LONG LIVE ROCK 'N ROLL
THE BEAT OF THE DRUMS LOUD AND BOLD
ROCK, ROCK, ROCK 'N ROLL
THE FEELIN' IS THERE BODY AND SOUL".

AND THEN, YOU KNOW, COMES GRADUATION AND SUMMER AND ALL THAT — SCHOOL IS OVER — SAD AND FLEETING MAYBE — VACATION TIME NOW, AND CHUCK PINS IT DOWN IN A COUPLE OF VERSES, LIKE A PICTURE IN A SCRAPBOOK, IT'S THERE FOR YOU TO LOOK AT FOR — EVER:

"OH BABY DOLL, WHEN BELLS RING OUT THE SUMMER BREEZE
OH BABY DOLL, WILL IT END FOR YOU AND ME?

WE'LL SING THE OLD ALMA MATER
AND THINK OF THINGS THAT USED TO BE.

I REMEMBER SO WELL BACK WHEN THE WEATHER WAS COOL
WE USED TO HAVE SO MUCH FUN WHEN WE WERE WALKIN' TO SCHOOL

IF WE STOPPED OFF TO HEAR THE LATEST SONGS THEY SING
AND WE'D JUST MAKE IT IN BEFORE THE BELL WOULD RING".
I MEAN, CAN YOU GET ANY MORE NOSTALGIC THAN THAT? ANY CLOSER TO IT?... CHUCK'S VIEWS ON JAZZ, IN "ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC": "I HAVE NO KICK AGAINST MODERN JAZZ

UNLESS THEY TRY TO PLAY IT TOO DARN FAST (TOO FAST?!)
AND CHANGE THE BEAUTY OF THE MELODY
UNTIL IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A SYMPHONY"...

'TOO-FAST' JAZZ BECOMING A SYMPHONY? WOW! AND HIS SONG ABOUT YOUR SISTER OR YOUR GIRLFRIEND BACK THEN, OR FOR THE GROUPIES NOW: "SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN, SHE'S JUST GOT TO HAVE

ABOUT A HALF-A-MILLION SIGNED AUTOGRAPHS
HER WALLET'S FILLED WITH PICTURES

SHE GETS 'EM ONE BY ONE
BECOMES SO EXCITED

OH WATCH HER, LOOK AT HER RUN!

... SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN, SHE'S GOT THE GROWN-UP BLUES
TIGHT DRESSES AND LIPSTICK, SHE'S SPORTIN' HIGH HEEL SHOES

OH BUT TOMORROW MORNIN', SHE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE HER TREND

AND BE SWEET SIXTEEN AND BACK IN CLASS AGAIN."

AND SOME OF CHUCK'S MORE PERSONAL SONGS: "JOHNNY B. GOODE", PATTERNED AFTER HIMSELF; A SEQUEL OF SORTS: "BYE BYE JOHN-
NY", WRITTEN WHEN HE WAS GOING TO HOLLYWOOD TO APPEAR IN A COUPLE OF THOSE 'B' MOVIE ROCK FLICKS — YOU KNOW, WITH THE OLD FAMILIAR STORY LINE ABOUT THE KIDS PUTTING ON THE SEN-
IOR'S HOP AND SOMEHOW THEY GET ALL THESE GREAT ROCK 'N ROLL STARS TO APPEAR FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND PLAY FOR THEM FOR NOTHING (OH SURE, YEAH) BUT THE PARENTS AND THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE WON'T LET THEM PUT IT ON BECAUSE IT'S BAD OR SOME-
THING AND SOMEHOW THE BIG CRISIS IS RESOLVED AND NEAR THE END, BILL HALEY OR SOMEBODY IS PLAYING AND THE KIDS ARE ALL BOPPING AWAY AND THE PARENTS ARE STANDING AROUND WATCHING, SUPERVISING, AND THE CAMERA SHIFTS TO THE PARENTS' FEET AND THEIR TOES ARE TAPPING, YOU KNOW, AND THEY'RE SNAPPING THEIR FINGERS AND THEIR HEADS ARE BOBBING BACK AND FORTH, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER AND SAYING LIKE: "GEE, THIS MUSIC AIN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL, IS IT? KINDA CATCHY", OH WOW — HIS BEAUTIFUL, NOW CLASSIC "MEMPHIS", ABOUT HIS LITTLE GIRL AND THE SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE; AND HIS FEELINGS AFTER COMING BACK FROM A EUROPEAN TOUR, IN "BACK IN THE U.S.A.", SAYING WHAT THIS COUNTRY IS ALL ABOUT: "NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, OH HOW I YEARN FOR YOU HOW I LONG JUST TO BE BACK AT MY HOME IN OLD ST. LOU"...

"DID I MISS THE SKYSCRAPERS? DID I MISS THE LONG FREEWAYS?"...

"LOOKIN' HARD FOR A DRIVE-IN
SEARCHIN' FOR A CORNER CAFE
WHERE HAMBURGERS SIZZLE
ON AN OPEN GRILL, NIGHT AND DAY
YEAH, AND THE JUKEBOX JUMPIN'
WITH RECORDS BACK IN THE U.S.A."

THAT'S WHAT IT IS FOR CHUCK — BACK IN THE U.S.A., HIS HOME, THIS IS WHERE HE HAS HIS THING, AND HE'S SATISFIED, EVEN THOUGH HE'S NO DOUBT BEEN TREATED SHITTY AT TIMES — CHRIST, EVEN HIS RECORD COMPANY HAS SCREWED OVER HIM; BUT, HIS AMAZING ABILITY TO COME BACK — LIKE IN 1964 IN THE MIDST, AT THE HEIGHT OF, THE BRITISH THING, WHEN I'M LISTENING TO THE RADIO AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, AMONG THE BEATLESSTONESSEARCHERSKINKS COMES CHUCK BERRY, CHUCK BERRY?! WITH "NADINE", AND CHRIST, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, AFTER 5 YEARS OFF THE RADIO, WOW! SO GREAT TO HEAR HIM AGAIN.

UP ON STAGE NOW, WHERE THE SHOW IS ALMOST OVER, AND CHUCK STARTS DOING THE SPLITS — CHRIST! HE'S FANTASTIC, MAN, STILL DOING THEM, 10 YEARS LATER, AND EVEN THOUGH HE'S NOT AS AGILE AS HE USED TO BE, NATURALLY, YOU STILL STARE — MARVELLING AT WHAT THIS CAT CAN DO, HOW MUCH HE PUTS OUT FOR AN AUDIENCE — AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY, BUT THE CROWD WON'T LET HIM GO; HE'S PLAYING BEHIND THE AMPS, WALKING OFF STAGE, COMING BACK ON AGAIN, TRYING TO END IT ALL: "BYE...BYE...BYE", AND I JUST KEEP THINKING: I CAN SEE ALL THE TIME HE'S SPENT IN THIS, 12 YEARS ON THE ROAD...DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?!...12 YEARS?!, ALL THE AUDITORIUMS AND STAGES, THE PA-

CKAGE TOUR DEALS, THE SPADE LOUNGES, THE CLUBS, ALL THOSE GREYHOUND BUSES — RIDING FROM STATE TO STATE, LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW THINKING, MAYBE CATCHING AN IDEA FOR A SONG; PLAYING THE SAME THINGS OVER AND OVER AGAIN, THOSE SAME ROUTINES, THE NOBODY-REALLY-CARING AT TIMES, HIS NOT-CARING AT TIMES BUT GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS CAUSE THAT's WHAT HE'S GETTING PAID FOR, THAT'S HOW HE MAKES A LIVING — IT'S ONLY NATURAL AT TIMES, MAN; ALL THAT THIS CAT HAS WENT THROUGH AND STILL GIVING IT TO US NOW, LIKE IT DIDN'T MATTER- IN THE PAST, CAUSE IT'S RIGHT NOW, AND HE'S STILL DIGGING IT, STILL GETTING SOMETHING OUT OF IT — TURNING THE AUDIENCE ON AND THEIR RESPONDING BACK TO HIM, TURNING HIM ON — SUCH A GROOVY, BEAUTIFUL THING — THIS GUY THAT CAN AFFECT YOU SO MUCH, THAT YOU CAN GET SO MUCH OUT OF, BECAUSE HE HAS GIVEN US ALL SO MUCH, LIKE: "MAYBELLENE", AND "SCHOOL DAY", AND "YOU CAN'T CATCH ME", AND "TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS", AND "ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN", AND "JOHNNY B. GOODE", AND "CAROL", AND "ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC", AND "MEMPHIS", AND "SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN", AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON FOREVER...
...CHUCK BERRY.

---MIKE DALY

Singles Discography

CHESS	1604	"MAYBELLENE"/"WEE WEE HOURS"
	1610	"THIRTY DAYS" (TO COME BACK HOME)/"TOGETHER"
	1615	"NO MONEY DOWN"/"THE DOWNSOUND TRAIN"
	1626	"ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN"/"DRIFTING HEART"
	1635	"TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS"/"BROWN EYED HAND-SOME MAN"
	1645	"YOU CAN'T CATCH ME"/"HAVANA MOON"
	1653	"SCHOOL DAY"/"DEEP FEELING" (INSTR.)
	1664	"OH BABY DOLL"/"LAJUANDA" (ESPAÑOL)
	1671	"ROCK & ROLL MUSIC"/"BLUE FEELING" (INSTR.)
	1683	"SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN"/"REELIN' AND ROCKIN"
	1691	"JOHNNY B. GOODE"/"AROUND & AROUND"
	1697	"BEAUTIFUL DELILAH"/"VACATION TIME"
	1700	"CAROL"/"HEY PEDRO"
	1709	"SWEET LITTLE ROCK AND ROLL"/"JOE JOE GUN"
	1714	"RUN RUDOLPH RUN"/"MERRY CHRISTMAS BABY"
	1716	"ANTHONY BOY"/"THAT'S MY DESIRE"
	1722	"ALMOST GROWN"/"LITTLE QUEENIE"
	1729	"MEMPHIS, TENN."/ "BACK IN (THE) U.S.A."
	1737	"CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART"/"BROKEN ARROW"
	1747	"LET IT ROCK"/"TOO POOPED TO POP" (CASEY)
	1754	"BYE BYE JOHNNY"/"WORRIED LIFE BLUES"
	1763	"I GOT TO FIND MY BABY"/"MAD LAD" (INSTR.)
	1767	"JAGUAR AND (THE) THUNDERBIRD"/"OUR LITTLE RENDEZVOUS"
	1779	"I'M TALKING ABOUT YOU"/"LITTLE STAR"
	1799	"COME ON"/"GO-GO-GO"
	1853	"I'M TALKING ABOUT YOU" (SAME AS #1779)/"DIPLOMA FOR TWO"

1883 "NADINE" (IS IT YOU?)/"O RANGUTANG" (INSTR.)
 1898 "NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO"/"YOU TWO"
 1906 "YOU NEVER CAN TELL"/"BRENDA LEE"
 1912 "GO, BOBBY SOXER"/"LITTLE MARIE"
 1916 "PROMISED LAND"/(THE) "THINGS I USED TO DO"
 1926 "DEAD DAD"/"LONELY SCHOOL DAYS"
 1943 "IT WASN'T ME"/"WELCOME BACK PRETTY BABY"
 1963 "RAMONA, SAY YES"/"LONELY SCHOOL DAYS"(DIFFERENT THAN #1926)
 CHECKER 1089 "CHUCK'S BEAT" (INSTR.)/"BO'S BEAT" (INSTR. BY BO DIDDLEY)
 MERCURY 72643 "CLUB NITTY GRITTY"/"LAUGH & CRY"
 72880 "BACK TO MEMPHIS"/"I DO REALLY LOVE YOU"

LP's

CHESS 1426 "AFTER SCHOOL SESSION"
 1432 "ONE DOZEN BERRIES"
 1435 "BERRY IS ON TOP"
 1448 "ROCKIN' AT THE HOPS"
 1456 "NEW JUKE BOX HITS"
 1465 "MORE CHUCK BERRY"
 1480 "CHUCK BERRY ON STAGE"
 1485 "CHUCK BERRY'S GREATEST HITS"
 1488 "ST. LOUIS TO LIVERPOOL"
 1495 "CHUCK BERRY IN LONDON"
 1498 "FRESH BERRY'S"
 1514 "CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN DECADE"
 CHECKER 2991 "TWO GREAT GUITARS-WITH CHUCK BERRY AND BO DIDDLEY" (ALL INSTR.)
 MERCURY 21103 "CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN HITS" (NEW RECORDINGS OF HIS HITS)
 21123 "CHUCK BERRY IN MEMPHIS"

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THE END

They can keep the nester from blowing away, but only God can save the prairie.

Monterey: A Splendid Time For All -- by Mike Daly

It's too bad this article couldn't have come out, for that matter, been written, about three weeks ago - because if you don't put it down right away and read about it right away, you lose a lot of the feeling and spontaneity of the thing. Anyway, by now I'm sure you've all heard about it and how great it was, which is really true. It was like for two days you were in this surrounding of music and color and being happy and people in your own scene (although I did see Doug McClure in his neatly pressed White Levis and tennies, and the windbreaker with the collar pulled up, you know). And like nothing else in the world existed for awhile. It was really nice to forget everything and just hear all this music, look at all these things, and just dig it - a new world to live in for a couple of days. You could walk around the fairgrounds and see people like Paul Simon, looking so conservative and little, like a graduate student at some eastern college - and I can just imagine all these beautiful thoughts curlycuing out of his head - he looked happy. And Brian Jones, who looked just exquisite with a long, flowing, flowered cloak topped with a huge ermine collar - like Mae West in drag, he too looked happy. Oh, and Skip Spence of the Moby Grape looked happiest of all, in fact he was so happy that he was able to talk to me with his eyes closed and somehow still know who he was talking to.

Okay, and now to the music: I missed Friday night's show in favor of seeing The Who at Fillmore, so I can't say much about the opening program except that from what I heard, it wasn't really that tough. When I got there Saturday afternoon, Frank Cook of Canned Heat was down on his knees on stage, rolling over, sloshing about, and yelling out, in his best pseudo-spade preaching technique, Bobby Marchan's "There Is Something On Your Mind"; it seemed pretty shitty but the longer they were on the more I began to think that maybe they were into it to a degree that was much deeper than the average White Blues Group - I don't know - but when their other singer did Johnny "Guitar" Watson's "Those Lonely, Lonely Nights", it really came off. Big Brother came on and Janis Joplin came off - very well in fact. The group itself really isn't that good, as many people think - they still don't know much at all about arranging a number -- as their records show, nor do they seem to know much about changes other than variations on basic blues riffs - repetition seems to be one of their mainstays. And Jim Gurley seems to be almost wasting his great lead ability in favor of functioning as a competent rhythm guitarist.

Of the other San Francisco groups who played that afternoon, I think Steve Miller fared the best, although I still don't think that much of them - there is more to music than being able to play the blues at three times their normal speed. Country Joe and the Fish were kind of a disappointment, although I like their LP quite a bit, they just didn't seem to come off here - I don't know, maybe it was a bad day for them or something. And the Quicksilver - I really, and I'm sure everybody else does too, wish they would come up with some new material - I mean, they try but there just doesn't seem to be much there, and the same songs over and over and over. At Monterey they really seemed kind of second-rate, just a cut below everybody else.

Both Butterfield and Bloomfield have now added two horns to their group's trumpet and sax, and the added fullness worked pretty well for both, although I don't think their parts (the horns) were worked in smoothly enough or to their full advantage in the context of the groups' sound - in other words they seemed tacked on just for a bigger sound. Butterfield did a beautiful slow

blues, that he prefaced by saying "This is one of the most beautiful **SONG** I've ever heard", a Lowell Fulsom number called "Tollin' Bells" that was really a gas: a death march-like thing that Elvin Bishop, who is now playing lead, would accentuate by striking a note to indicate the "tollin' bells", very moving. And it was really a gas when Butterfield introduced his new bass player: "Buggsey... (Something) from Omaha, Nebraska" (and that really sounded funny), and this little guy comes out, and in a high, falsetto blues voice starts wailing Chuck Berry's "Wee, Wee Hours", it broke everybody up -- really great. Bloomfield's new group, the Electric Flag (at least at the time of the festival that was their name), as everybody knows by now, was one of the great successes of the festival. Fronting some of the best musicians in the business - Harvey Brooks on bass (he played in Dylan's ~~read band~~, I think); Barry Goldberg on organ; Nick Gravenitis on congas and vocals; the incredible Buddy Miles on drums and lead vocals; somebody (I think) whose name escapes me, on rhythm; and Bloomfield himself on lead, they just swung like hell - incredibly hard, heavy and full. And it was beautiful to see Mike Bloomfield's face after they finished their set (their debut) - so happy and excited at the tremendous reception they received, a standing ovation and an encore.

Moby Grape opened up Saturday night's show, and although looking like they come on very tight and professional, I think their music, basically and actually, is very thin - there's just not that much there at all; and Skip Spence's bit of jumping around a lot and looking really excited and turned on and trying to get this over to the audience, wears thin about the second or third time you've seen it. The worst and only real drag of the festival (although Laura Nyro was too but hers was a shorter set) was Hugh Masekela, and man, he was really bad. But even worse than his music, which was a kind of second-rate pseudo-jazz (Ramsey Lewis with more instruments) was the fact that he was allowed to play for an incredible fifty-five minutes - horrible! I've no desire to draw a line between rock and jazz, but what was he doing up there anyway? Was it because he's a friend of the Byrds or something? Whatever it was, it was terrible; and his singing - "Society's Child" and "Here, There and Everywhere" - was atrocious.

The Byrds I have heard much better before, and Dave Crosby's comments and little sermons about acid, and the fact that Paul McCartney now takes it, and the Kennedy assassination, came off sounding very sophomoric; and the STP sticker on his guitar didn't make it either. Laura Nyro came on with all the drama and flair that I suppose is well known to audiences at the Las Vegas supper club French extravaganza productions, the only trouble being that Monterey is not the Sands Hotel, and a pop festival isn't the "Lido de Paris", fortunately. With two spade chicks flanking her and singing some kind of fake spiritual: "Eli's Comin', woe, woe..." she looked, as Richard Goldstein in the Village Voice put it, "...like the third act of Medea", a real bomb. "Yes Laura, you're definitely going to make it, now lemme see... yeah, next week we've got you the headliner spot at Bimbo's..."

Because I've been kind of down on their music for such a long time, I've just never really liked it that much, I don't feel I could give much of a review to the Airplane, although I did like Jack Cassady's bass work and Grace's singing; overall I guess they came off pretty well. Booker T. and the M.G.'s were really a gas, just playing their funky R&B instrumentals - drums, organ, lead and bass - very tight and down-home swinging. Otis Redding closed Saturday night's show (Booker T. and the boys stayed to back him, plus the Markeys - two horn men); and Otis, bouncing out on stage, in about five

seconds had the whole audience completely with him - he's got some kind of incredible, dynamic magnetism that just reaches out and grabs you: dipping down, screaming, bouncing and trotting all over the stage, he socks it right to ya! So happy and turned on to what he's doing - it's really a gas to watch him.

The whole of Sunday afternoon was devoted to Ravi Shankar: incense, very soft, very gentle, explaining what he was doing, how his instrument worked, clapping and turning his hands in time to Alla Rakha on tabla, smiling serenely, nodding his head, concentrating, the soloing, the brilliant interwoven exchanges in a duet between the two, the mild and then very heavy and complex ragas, his exchanges of love and friendship with the audience - a brilliant, demanding, fascinating exhibition of virtuosity, marred only by the noise of jets overhead and the insistent clicking of the photographers' cameras. Although I wonder if he would have been invited if George Harrison was not his pupil.

Sunday night's show opened with the Blues Project, who didn't impress me much with their jazz-rock orientation or their new organist, who seemed very affected, like he was trying to tell the audience that at last the group had a real soul brother. The Buffalo Springfield came off very well - this was the first time I had seen them and they did some very nice, melodic ballads and also swung pretty well on their up-tempo numbers. The Dead were really a gas - doing about four or five long numbers, the major part of each being a fantastically tight instrumental excursion with each guy just using his axe to cut in and out of and around and through what the other guys were doing - like watching the insides of a watch working.

With Pete Townshend looking like a twisted Merlin the Magician armed with a rubber guitar, the Who proceeded to attack a repertoire which included their current hit, "Happy Jack"; their album's mini-opera, "A Quick One While He's Away"; their new record, "Pictures of Lily"; and that old favorite, Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues"; which they completely demolished - like wringing out a wet towel, they extracted everything possible from the song and it lay there, wasted, when they had done with it. They closed, literally, as well as figuratively, with "My Generation" - Roger Daltrey stammering out the words, Keith Moon kicking away his double drum set, Pete setting off smoke bombs and smashing his guitar, while off to the side, John Entwhistle managed to keep some semblance of a beat going with his bass. Although they didn't seem quite as turned on as they were at Fillmore and the audience didn't seem to appreciate them as much, they were brilliant, which seems to be the rule for them. Somebody should have told the stage crew what to expect, though, because one of the technicians almost lost his head while trying to rescue a microphone in the vicinity of Pete Townshend, who was busy raising his guitar and hammering it into the stage.

Heard to remark backstage during the Who's devastating finale: "What can I do for an encore to that?" Jimi Hendrix showed everybody that he could come up with something. In between playing some great guitar and some really heavy numbers, he also screwed his guitar, coming on it with lighter fluid, and set it afire, offering it as he put it, as "a sacrifice of love..." for the audience of his first appearance back home in America. Oh, come on Jimi, that's a big shuck, and you know it as well as I do - if there was any sacrifice it was offered for the sake of showmanship. It was kind of ironic and puzzling to see how excited the audience got over the violence and destruction of Hendrix and the Who - with the Who I can see it, because their



THE POWERHOUSE
OF
ERIC CLAPTON

by David Harris

The guitar playing of Eric Clapton is currently the topic of much praise thanks to the long-awaited American release of Clapton's two most recent recorded endeavors, John Mayall and the Blues Breakers with Eric Clapton (London PS 492) and The Cream/Fresh Cream (Atco 33-206). Clapton's work has long been the object of a cult of both avid fans and imitators on both sides of the Atlantic, for although to my knowledge he has never appeared in this country, several records featuring his guitar playing have managed to sneak into release here. (It is perhaps this slightly shadowy, off-beat aspect which has so appealed to many American fans of Clapton's work. In several cases his name is not only not listed in sleeve-notes, but the record companies have made deliberate attempts to mislead one into thinking other guitar players are present, rather than Clapton.) One must look carefully in America to find his work scattered across several LPs; in England he achieved a position as the guitarist's guitarist, years ago, chiefly by winning the Melody Maker poll and by quitting the Yardbirds the day after "For Your Love", which he played on and hated, broke as a big record. Clapton's refusal to compromise his artistic standards within the pop structure of the Yardbirds put him in the relatively same spot in the United Kingdom which Mike Bloomfield holds here.

The first recorded example available in America of Clapton's work is the LP which German blues fan Horst Lippman cut at the Crawdaddie Club in Richmond, Surrey featuring Sonny Boy Williamson and the Yardbirds, who at that time (early in 1964) consisted of Chris Dreja, Keith Relf, Jim McCarthy, Paul Samwell-Smith and Eric Clapton. Relf did not participate in the performances, leaving all the vocals

and harpwork to one of the true masters of r'n'b, Sonny Boy Williamson. These sides are available on a Mercury LP (#MG 21071, with the notation "Imported from the Star Club, Germany") titled "Sonny Boy Williamson and the Yardbirds". On the cover of this LP there is a misleading photo of the 1965-66 Yardbirds (Relf, Beck, Dreja, McCarthy, and Samwell-Smith) which Mercury Records probably felt would boost sales. In any case, the guitarist who was playing with the Yardbirds at that time was Eric Clapton, and the playing on this LP, while not as distinctive and original as the guitar work on his later, more exemplary albums, sounds like Clapton to my ears. Basically the Yardbirds just backed up Sonny Boy, and they did this discreetly. Clapton's guitar work is somewhat basic, but a few of the distinctive riffs and the essence of his hard bass feedback sound are there. On a couple of tracks Clapton plays sincerely in a style which he has recently parodied lovingly in his version of Robert Johnson's "Ramblin' on My Mind" (Mayall/London PS 492). Sonny Boy sounds folky and somewhat uninspired, although not actually bored. The Yardbirds escaped with few major errors, but their playing has more than a touch of the academic on this early side.

Our next sample of Clapton's work is anything but scholarly and academic. In the year between the dates with Sonny Boy Williamson and the recording sessions which produced some of the Yardbirds' first single releases, Clapton's style coalesced and his playing caught fire. The first American LP which the Yardbirds released (For Your Love, Epic #LN 24167) is a compendium of Clapton's work and some of the first sides recorded by Jeff Beck (who re-